

wooden vessel with a close-fitting lid, which keeps it warm a long time. Hot rice for breakfast, warm rice for dinner, and cold rice for supper is the order daily, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The meals are served up on little tables—trays on legs, about fifteen inches square—one for each person. On each table is a pair of chopsticks, which serve the purpose of knife, fork, and spoon; a blue bowl for rice, one or two little bowls of soup, a dish of sauce, etc. The large rice-box is always at hand, out of which each bowl is frequently replenished with a large wooden spoon. On a platter there is fish cooked with sauce, also radish and green ginger. Hot tea is served in small cups without saucers. Saki, a very intoxicating rice beer, is drunk in large quantities at meals. When a visitor calls, tea is at once brought, and sweetmeats on a small tray.

Arriving at Odawara, a large town, thirty-two miles from Yokohama, we dismiss our ginrikishas, as the road from this point lies across a rugged mountain barrier for a distance of twenty miles, quite inaccessible to wheeled vehicles. Those who do not choose to walk can call a *kago* or a *norimono*. The *kago* is a basket with the two sides taken out, slung to a pole, carried on the shoulders of men. The Japanese accustomed to it fold themselves up and appear to enjoy it as a luxury. But we could with difficulty endure the constrained unnatural posture required by such a mode of conveyance. The *norimono* is a square box with folding screens at the sides, carried in a similar manner as the *kago*. Walking is much to be preferred to such a mode of riding. The road over the mountain is little more than a water-course filled with broken rocks; in many places it is steep and slippery, and in wet weather extremely dangerous. The pass was opened over a thousand years ago, and has been a constant thoroughfare ever since. On either side of the road as we ascend are rows of the *Cryptomeria Japonica*, majestic evergreen trees, straight and tall, somewhat resembling the cedar. As the road winds on and up, delightful vistas are opened; we have glimpses of the sea, and of the country over which the day's journey has brought us. In spring and early summer wildernesses of floral wealth lie in vast profusion above and below.

Every few miles, clean, pretty little mountain villages furnish attractive resting places. These villages are perfect hives of industry in the manufacture of wooden-wares, cabinets, toys, etc.,